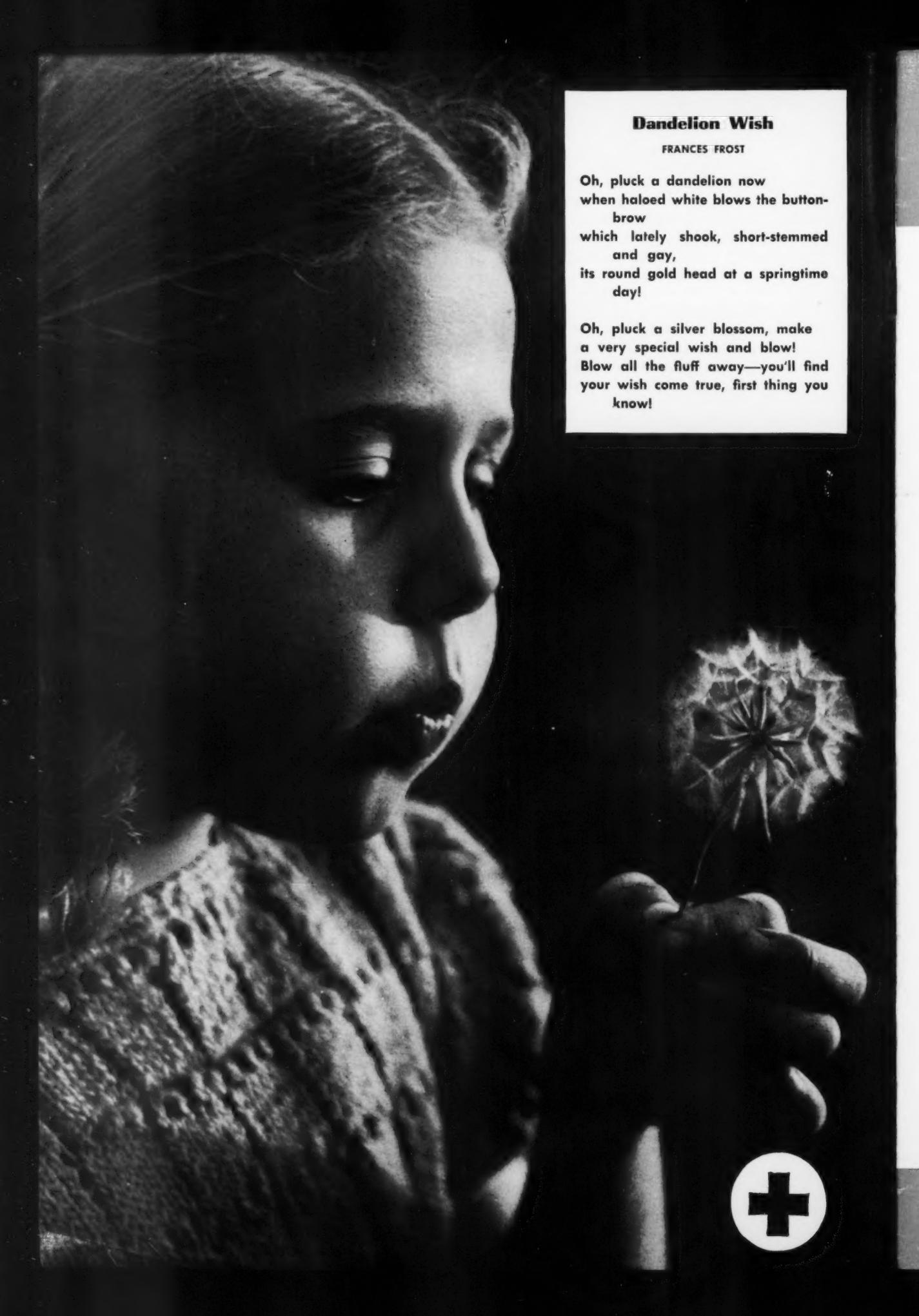


American Junior Red Cross

APRIL • 1954





Dandelion Wish

FRANCES FROST

Oh, pluck a dandelion now
when haloed white blows the button-
brow
which lately shook, short-stemmed
and gay,
its round gold head at a springtime
day!

Oh, pluck a silver blossom, make
a very special wish and blow!
Blow all the fluff away—you'll find
your wish come true, first thing you
know!



Good Times Together

VOLUME 35 APRIL 1954 NUMBER 6

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(PHOTO BY THREE LIONS)

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WITH OUR PETS AND ANIMALS

Companions of our pleasure and our toil.

—Sir Walter Scott

Our Cover

Wesley Dennis, one of our favorite NEWS artists, has made another unusual animal cover for us. This time his drawing shows a little burro who lives in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Mr. Dennis calls the burro "Brighty" after the Bright Angel Trail in the Grand Canyon.

Mr. Dennis and Marguerite Henry have worked together on publishing a new book all about "Brighty of the Grand Canyon." You will want to read it. Before you do, why not try making up a story of your own about the cover picture? Then read it to your class.

Pan American Day

April 14 is a special day to remember. This is the date observed by the 21 republics of North, South, and Central America as Pan American Day. It marks the friendship existing among these neighbor countries.

Carol Modell and Harriet Julian, two pupils in the Bergen Street School, Newark, New Jersey, wrote a little song to put in the school correspondence album for the Pedro G. Goyco School, San Juan, Puerto Rico. This song expresses the feeling behind Pan American Day:

AMERICAS, SHAKE HANDS!

*Columbus started something by sailing over here,
Others followed later to this western hemisphere—
People of all nations, people of all creeds,
Coming here for freedom and for glorious deeds!*

*Americas, shake hands, North, Central, and South.
Americas, sing out our liberty, so dear to you and me,
Form a union none can sever, let us live
And love forever, living, working all together.
Not "mañana," now or never, Americas,
Shake hands, North, Central, and South
Americas, "Amigos" all, "Unidos" all, shake hands.*

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

LITTLE BURRO

Story by ROSE LEION

Illustrations by Gisella Loeffler

Miguel helps his pal, El Burrito,
find a new job and new friends.

HERE COMES El Burrito!" cried Miguel as he hurried out of his tiny adobe brick house to greet the little brown burro trudging down the dusty street. Though the bags on either side of him were heavy with logs of piñon wood, El Burrito's long pointed ears stood up straight and proud above his drooping head.

Mr. Garcia, who was the owner of the little burro, sold wood to the people of Santa Fe, New Mexico. It was El Burrito's job to make the long trips to the piñon forests on the mountain slopes and carry back the wood.

"Hello, Miguel," said Mr. Garcia, "I see

you have a carrot for El Burrito today!" Mr. Garcia did not smile as he watched the burro munch the carrot. El Burrito blinked his large, soft eyes affectionately as Miguel patted his rough, matted fur.

Mr. Garcia sighed, "El Burrito is getting old. Today he slipped and almost fell down the mountain! You are wasting good carrots to feed him, Miguel!"

"Mamacita said she would not cook this carrot," said Miguel. Then he turned to the little burro. "Please be more careful," he begged. "I will have no one to talk with every afternoon if you get hurt! All the children live farther down in the valley, and it is lonesome up here!"

Miguel looked at Mr. Garcia. "Perhaps if El Burrito had a strong boy like me to help him—"

"I am sorry," interrupted Mr. Garcia, "El Burrito is enough trouble. Besides, do



you not have enough to do with school, and helping your mama in the vegetable garden?"

"But, Mr. Garcia, if I could work for wages, I could save up for a bicycle. Then I could get a newspaper route and save enough to go camping with the Boy Scouts next summer!"

"Can you not deliver papers without a bicycle? You can walk!"

"Yes, but our house sits here all alone near Butterfly Mountain, far from the town. The papers are too heavy to carry such a long distance—all the way from the plaza downtown to the farthest house on the other side!"

"That is too bad," said Mr. Garcia. "We all have our troubles, don't we?" And he tugged on *El Burrito*'s bridle. Reluctantly *El Burrito* trudged slowly down the dusty street, his nose almost touching the ground.

Miguel stuffed his hands in the pockets of his blue jeans and walked slowly back to his house.

"Miguelito! Get me a squash from the roof, please!"

"Si, Mamacita," said Miguel. He stood on an empty crate and reached easily for a golden squash on the low roof. He brought it to his mother, who was bending over the steaming pots on her stove.

SPANISH WORDS

El Burrito (el boo-rē-to)—Little burro

Mamacita (mama-sē-ta)—Little mother

Si (see)—Yes

Casita (ca-sē-ta)—Little house

Buenas tardes (bwā-nās tār'des)—

Good afternoon

Frijoles (free-hō-lās)—Kidney beans

Gracias (grā-cī-as)—Thank you

Gasolina (gā-sō-lē-na)—Gasoline

Miguel watched his mama cut up the squash and stir it in with the tomatoes and onions crackling in the frying pan.

"Ah!" smiled his mother. "You are a good boy. You take good care of our vegetables. At least we do not starve!"

After school the next day, Miguel waited for *El Burrito*. He tended the garden as he waited. He had some small lettuce leaves his mama had discarded for the little burro today. But even when Miguel was finished weeding and watering, and the blue sky grew rosy with the sunset, *El Burrito* had not yet passed by.

"I hope he did not fall and hurt himself!" worried Miguel.

Four days passed, and not once did *El*

(Continued on next page)



Burrito pass by the little adobe house of Miguel.

"I must find out what has happened to El Burrito," said Miguel. He put on his shoes and his sombrero, and walked all the way down to the Casita Garcia.

Mrs. Garcia was busily cooking beans and *frijoles*. Little Juanito, the baby, sat on a pillow munching a little fried pie filled with piñon nuts.

"*Buenas tardes,*" said Miguel politely.

"*Buenas tardes,*" smiled Mrs. Garcia, "and how is your mama today?"

"She is well, *gracias,*" said Miguel, "and how are Mr. Garcia and little Juanito?"

"They are fine, *gracias,*" she said.



▲ Miguel stood on an empty crate and reached for a squash on the low roof.

"And how is El Burrito?" asked Miguel anxiously.

"Ah, who knows?" sighed Mrs. Garcia, waving her mixing spoon about. "It is four days since Mr. Garcia has turned him out, and we have not seen him since!"

"But why has Mr. Garcia turned El Burrito out?" asked Miguel in astonishment.

"Have you not heard? El Burrito is too old to haul wood. So Mr. Garcia borrowed money and bought a secondhand *gasolina* truck to haul wood for him. The truck carries many more logs of piñon wood than old El Burrito! We will pay our debts in no time!"



▲ As Miguel came to the door he saw Mrs. Garcia busily cooking, while the baby sat on a pillow, munching a little fried pie.

"I will look for El Burrito," said Miguel. "If you find him, keep him," said Mrs. Garcia. "We cannot afford to keep a burro who cannot work!"

"But, Miguel," said his mother when he got home, "even if you find El Burrito, what will you do with him? We cannot afford to feed a poor old donkey!"

"I will think of something," said Miguel desperately.

Early Saturday morning, Miguel walked toward Butterfly Mountain. He looked everywhere for a little brown burro with ragged fur and great soft eyes. But he found only ruddy-leaved trees. He heard blue-winged piñon jays screaming in the

Miguel ran to meet the little burro, whose fur was matted and whose head drooped as if he still carried a load. ▼



brush. He picked a bouquet of lovely golden aspens for his mama.

"At least you have not come back empty-handed," smiled his mama. She put the golden aspens in a little blue vase and set it on the windowsill.

Miguel shaded his eyes and peered down the road. "I always had a present for El Burrito. How could he forget me so soon?" Suddenly a little cloud of dust began to grow down the street. Soon a tired little donkey appeared, trudging toward Miguel.

"El Burrito!" shouted Miguel, and ran to meet him. His fur was matted with burrs, and his head drooped as if he still carried a heavy load of wood. But the bags on either side were empty.

Miguel watered and fed El Burrito. Then he brushed his matted fur free of tangles and burrs. And as Miguel worked, a plan formed in his mind.

On Monday, Miguel dashed home after school. He led El Burrito through the streets all the way to the plaza downtown and to the newspaper delivery station. When Miguel came out, the bags on El Burrito's back were filled with newspapers!

So old El Burrito took the place of a



The children loved El Burrito and tucked blossoms behind his ears.

bicycle! Newspapers were easy for him, after all the years of wood-hauling!

Many of Miguel's customers greeted El Burrito with a friendly word and a bite to eat. After all, you can't talk to a bicycle!

Many children tucked so many blossoms behind the proud, straight ears that it looked as if they were growing there! And El Burrito held his head high, because he loved his job and all his new friends.

The following summer, when Miguel went camping with the Boy Scouts, El Burrito's newspaper bags carried corn and bacon and beans, and even a frying pan, and a tent, all folded up!

THE END.

El Burrito's bags carried food and supplies for the campers.





FREDDIE SAVES THE DAY

**Poor Freddie! He was in
trouble again! He'd had his new
chemistry set for only a week
and already—but wait. Let's
start at the beginning.**

FREDDIE KELLER thought of himself as a scientist, a true experimenter. Papa Keller called him "The Tinkerer." What Mama Keller called him depended a great deal on the circumstances.

Mama Keller had brought up four younger brothers when she had been a girl in Switzerland, and their activities seemed to have included, at one time or another, all the mischief a boy could get into. Freddie could tell how she felt about his behavior by which one of his uncles she compared him to!

After Freddie's unfortunate experiment

Story by LILIAN MOORE

Illustrated by Tim Evans

with his sister Joanna's doll, Mama had been very angry indeed.

"Just like your Uncle Adelbert!" she scolded him. "Never leaving well enough alone. Just look at that doll!"

Freddie had offered to bathe his sister's doll in a solution that would make it look like new. The temptation to add a few ingredients to the bath had turned the doll a bright green from head to foot!

This experiment cost Freddie part of his allowance "until Joanna's doll could be replaced." Sometimes, thought Freddie mournfully, the way of a scientist is hard. . . .

And now poor Freddie was in trouble again. For a while, subdued by the drastic cut in his income, he had been content to stay within the fairly safe "experiments" outlined in his chemistry set.

But such activity was far too dull for Freddie's taste. It was much more fun to pretend to be an atomic scientist, mixing the strange and the unknown.

One day Freddie mixed something that he thought looked very interesting. It had a strong, rather peculiar odor, and a sinister, cloudy look.

Freddie eyed his brew thoughtfully. "This looks pretty good," he observed to himself. "I think I ought to preserve it for awhile."

Later that day, when Mama Keller came home from her marketing and opened the refrigerator—well, this is the way she told Papa Keller about it.

"The smell, Papa! You never smelled anything like it! I thought I would faint. I ran to open the window. I thought our refrigerator would explode any minute. I thought we would all be overcome by gas. I thought all the food was poisoned. And only then I thought of Freddie!"

"Just like your Uncle Conrad!" Mama scolded him. "He was always hanging around the school laboratory, always coming home with his clothes smelling!"

It was purely by accident that Freddie's next excursion into science was in the field of engineering rather than of chemistry.

One morning at breakfast he heard his father say, "Mama, it's lucky I woke up at 7 this morning. I'd be late for work if I waited for the alarm clock to ring. I think there's something wrong with it. It didn't go off at all."

Mama merely nodded her head. How was Freddie to know that her nod meant to Papa that she would take care of things—not that she was indifferent to an urgent problem.

Freddie knew exactly what he must do. He would not say a word to anyone. He would fix the clock, and then, when his

father got up the next morning, he would say in pleased surprise, "Why, the clock works! How is this?"

Freddie would smile and say, "I fixed it, Papa. It was easy."

And Mama would surely say, "Just like Uncle Charles—always so helpful!"

Freddie smuggled the clock into his room and closed the door. He worked steadily for about an hour. Then he tiptoed into his parents' room, set the clock down quickly, and hurried out.

Freddie went to bed contentedly, anticipating his little triumph of the morning. He fell asleep quickly.

Then he began to dream a strange and troubling dream. In it his teacher was talking angrily to his father and all the time the school bell was ringing, ringing.

The dream seemed so unusual that Freddie mentioned it as soon as he got to the breakfast table. "Gee, Mama, I had the funniest dream last night about Papa and the teacher and the school bell kept ringing and ringing. . . ."

"That wasn't any school bell," said Mama crossly. "That crazy alarm went off at 3 o'clock in the morning!"

She saw the odd expression on Freddie's face. "What's the matter, Freddie?" she asked.

"Three o'clock in the morning!" gasped Freddie. "That's impossible! I set it for seven!"

"You what?" said Mama and Papa and Joanna, all together.

Then, of course, Freddie had to explain how he fixed the clock—as a surprise. His parents agreed that it had certainly been a surprise!

But all the while that Mama kept telling Freddie why he was just like Uncle Max—"who couldn't keep his hands off clocks"—Freddie wondered what had gone wrong with the alarm.

Papa only shook his head and said, "Well, Tinkerer, what next? What next?"

What next indeed! Freddie always remembered the next occasion as one on

which his family at last began to show some appreciation for the scientific point of view.

It happened one afternoon when Mama Keller went to take some chicken broth to Aunt Martha, who was not feeling well.

"I won't be long," she told the children. "Stay in the house till I come back."

Joanna, playing with her new doll, nodded, and Freddie called "Yes, Mama," and went on working in his room.

He was deeply engrossed in his work when all at once he became aware of a muffled pounding and a faint cry.

The sound from the hall was Joanna's voice calling, "Freddie! Freddie!"

"Where are you, Joanna?" he called back, frightened.

"Here, in the closet," came Joanna's tearful reply.

There was a closet in the hall which Mama used for storage, mainly of suitcases. It was Mama's favorite closet because it had a little transom window in the top of the door and it was the only closet that she

could ever lock. She carried the key around with her on her big key ring.

"What are you doing in there?" Freddie asked Joanna rather foolishly.

"I was playing house and the door slammed and I can't open it." Joanna was sobbing. "Oh, Freddie! Get me out. It's so dark in here!"

Freddie threw his weight against the door, but it did not budge.

"I'll go get Mama," he said desperately. "She has the key."

Joanna's wails increased. "Don't go 'way and leave me alone. . . . It's awful dark in here. . . ."

It was then that Freddie had an inspiration.

"Listen, Joanna," he called to her. "I'll fix a light for you and I'll drop it down to you through the transom. Then I'll go get Mama. O.K.?"

Joanna stopped crying for a moment. Then slowly she said, "All right. But hurry! I can't see a thing in here."



"Oh, Freddie! Get me out!
It's so dark in here!" Joanna sobbed.

Freddie set to work. He worked quickly and seriously. Out of his overflowing "junk box" as Mama called it, he now took two new 10-cent batteries, some wire, a small light bulb, a roll of adhesive tape, and a 12-inch ruler.

Then he placed the two batteries on the ruler, and firmly he taped them there.

Then he ran the wire from the bottom of the second battery to the top of the first one, placed the light bulb so it touched the center cap on the top battery, fastened the wire around the bottom of the bulb and secured it with more tape.

Immediately, the little light bulb began to glow! Then Freddie looped a long piece of twine around the end of the ruler and tied it tightly.

He now had a homemade flashlight that he could give to Joanna!

Freddie next pulled the high kitchen step-ladder out into the hall and climbed up on it.

"Now listen, Joanna," he called. "I'm going to drop this light down to you. Catch it by the ruler and let me know when you can reach it."

"I've got it, Freddie," Joanna called to him.

"O.K.! Just hold it by the ruler. Now will you be all right until I go for Mama?"

"Y-yes, I guess so," he heard Joanna sniffing. "It's not so bad with the light. It's not so scary."

"O.K.! I'll be right back!"

Well, it didn't seem like "right back" to Joanna, but, sitting there clutching the flashlight and her doll, she could see that there really wasn't anything or anybody in the closet with her . . . just some old suitcases. Pretty soon she heard the key turn in the lock and found herself crying in Mama's comforting arms.

That night at supper, Papa Keller had to hear the story again and again, first from Joanna who by now rather enjoyed all the excitement she had caused, and then from Mama Keller who wanted him to know how wonderful Freddie was!

Freddie had to show the homemade flashlight to Papa, and then they both had to explain to Mama that—no, Freddie had *not* invented something new in electricity; no, he had *not* discovered a new scientific principle. Nor did they wholly convince her!

"I'm proud of you, my son," said Papa Keller. "Your little sister would have had a really bad time without your help. It is sometimes worse to be badly frightened than to be hurt."

Mama just shook her head with pride and wonderment and gave Freddie a big second portion of dessert.

"Such quick thinking!" she said. "Freddie, you're just like. . . ."

"Uncle Conrad?" said Freddie, laughing.

"No!" said Mama.

"Uncle Charles?" Freddie made a face.

"No," said Mama, and now she was laughing, too.

"Maybe he's like Uncle Max or Uncle Adelbert?" said Papa with a twinkle in his eye.

"No!" said Mama, and then, looking fondly at them both, she said something that made Freddie feel fine all over. "Do you know, Papa, he's just like you!"

Good Morning!

Good morning! Good morning!

The sun is up high,
And no one on earth
Is as happy as I!

The robins are singing
Up high in the trees,
And out in the garden
Are busy brown bees!

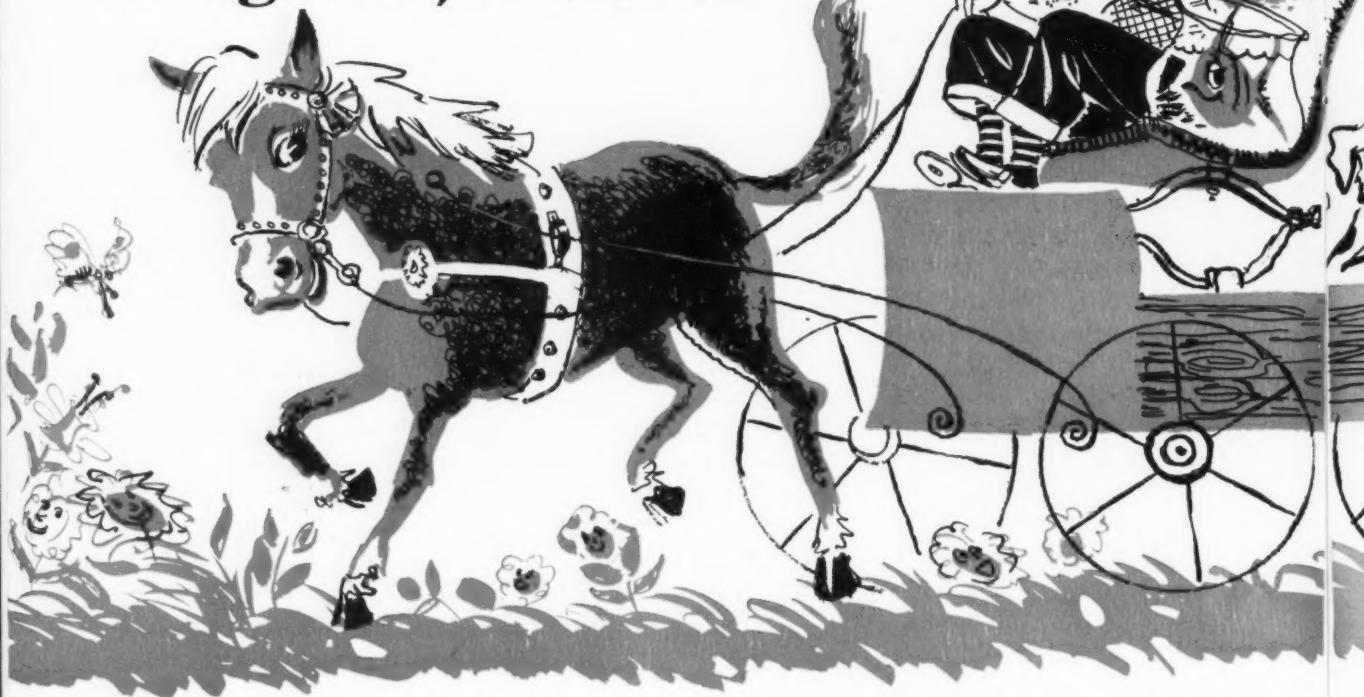
Good morning! Good morning!

Let's go out and play,
For the sunshine is golden
And sparkling, today!

Nona Keen Duffy

PETS

are good friends—



And you will want to remember to treat them as friends. Your pets have feelings, just as you do. If you neglect them, they may not want to be friendly. If you are gentle with them, they usually will be gentle in return. Here are a few suggestions to help you care for your pets—

1 Leave your pets alone while they are eating and be sure to feed and water them regularly.

2 Play with your pets gently. They don't like to be squeezed too tightly or to have their tails pulled.

3 Approach your friends' pets carefully. Get acquainted gradually. It is better to play only with animals that you know.

4 Be especially careful not to disturb or frighten a mother cat and kittens or a mother dog and puppies.

5 If a pet should bite or scratch you, report it immediately to your parents.

6 If you go away on a trip, be sure to leave your pet with someone who will take care of it.



By MARGO TYLER

Illustrated by
W. E. Tinker



EASTER



PARTY—Hutchinson School JRC gives its annual Easter party for childrens hospital. (Memphis-Shelby County Chapter, Tenn.)



FAVORS—Art classes at Bushman School make Easter favors for veterans hospital. (Dallas County Chapter, Dallas, Tex.)



EGG COLORING
—JRC members collect and dye over 15,000 Easter eggs for shut-ins. (Rapides Parish, La.)

**At Easter time Junior Red Cross
boys and girls work early and late
to make Easter gifts egg-zactly right!
Then they take their baskets, egg
trees, tray favors, and other toys
to shut-ins and to children in
hospitals.**



WALL CUT-OUTS—JRC members at Palolo School share talents to make Easter happier for hospitalized servicemen. (Hawaii Chapter, Honolulu)

SPELLS J-O-Y



COURIER-JOURNAL & LOUISVILLE TIMES

EGG TREE—A shut-in admires tree made by Lowell School as joint PTA and JRC project. (Louisville, Ky., Chapter)

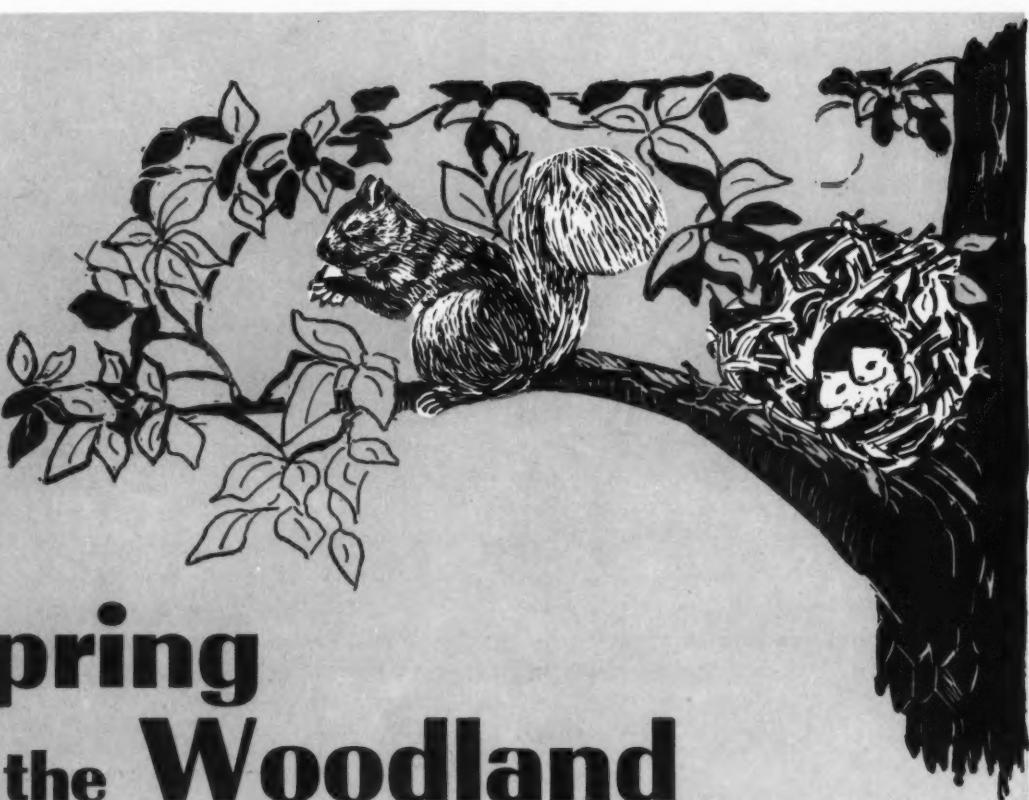


BASKET—Easter Bunny and JRC members bring cheer to a little patient. (Pikes Peak Chapter, Colorado Springs, Colo.)



PHOTO BY JACK ALEXANDER,
EVANSVILLE SUNDAY COURIER & PRESS

BUNNIES — and other favors made by Vogel School pupils will brighten hospital wards. (Evansville, Ind., Chapter)



Spring in the Woodland

Written and Illustrated by JACQUELYN BERRILL

*To most of us spring in the woods means
songs of birds, new leaves bursting
from tree buds, and a carpet of wild
flowers. But things are happening that
you cannot see or hear, for spring is
also the time when animal babies are
born.*

High in the treetops, and deep underground in snug nurseries, the woodland mothers are taking care of their helpless babies. They will be several weeks old before they are large enough to come from their homes for us to see them.

The mothers alone care for most of the forest babies, since it is important that the nurseries be hidden from their enemies, and one parent coming and going is quite enough disturbance. Because all these furry animals need the warm milk of the mother and would die without it, she is the one who takes care of the babies. Some fathers leave home before the babies are born, others move out of the house for a short time only, and fewer stay with their mates and help train the young in the ways of the woods.

In the following story, most of the fathers

leave the raising of the babies to the mothers. However, the flying squirrel moves to a tree nearby where he can help guard his family and still not be in the way. The red fox is another example of the father who stays home to help. But, as a general rule, it is the mother you will see with the young. She is their teacher as well as their nurse.

Squirrel

When you lift your eyes from the wild flowers to the tops of the trees, you may see what at first looks like a large bird's nest anchored in the crotch of the limbs. This nest of leaves and twigs may be the nursery of some baby squirrels.

If it happens to be the home of a red squirrel, the side opening may be closed with a curtain of moss. If you could draw the curtain aside, you might see several squirrel babies sound asleep, for all they do is sleep and eat. The mother stays near to nurse them often.

They grow fast, and after 10 days they have soft red fur coats like their mother. They do not come out to run about in the treetops until they are 6 weeks old. By this time they move along the branches as quickly as their mother. Soon they are eating tree buds and sweet tree sap, and are weaned.

Or the nursery may hold a family of gray squirrels with the babies all snug and warm. Their eyes are closed for the first 5 weeks of their lives. They grow slowly, but after 2 months when you see them in the early morning and late afternoon, chasing each other round and round a tree trunk, they have the same lovely coats and beautiful tails as their mother, and are a joy to watch.

Chipmunk

The chipmunk babies are born in April, usually about four, tiny, red, and ugly. They can suck warm milk and, like all young things, they grow fast.

If you could see them in 2 weeks, you would find them covered with soft fur,

although their eyes are not open until they are about a month old. By this time they look like their parents. You may see them playing in the sun by one of the many entrances to their home.

They are weaned on berries and seeds which their parents bring to them in their cheek pouches. Soon they are big enough to follow their parents to hunt food. By fall they are ready to take care of themselves.

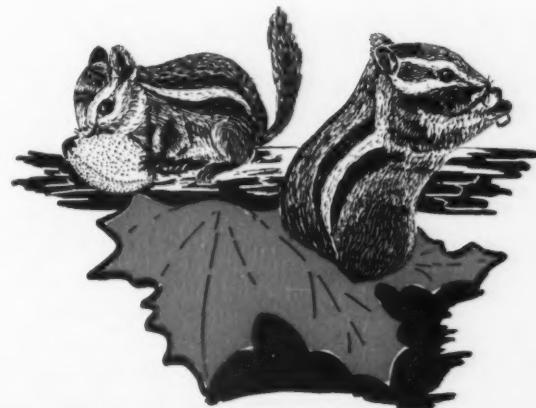
Raccoon

Birds and squirrels are not the only animals that make their homes in the trees, for the raccoon has a nest in a hollow tree with an entrance hole about 10 feet off the ground. Here the coon babies are born, looking exactly like their mother, black masks and all. They are helpless and blind and do nothing but eat and sleep and squirm about, and grow, of course, for the first month.

After that you may see a small head looking out of the entrance, for they are curious about everything. However, it is still another month before the mother takes her precious babies out of their safe nursery with her at dusk. Then she starts to teach them how to find their food and how to recognize their enemies.

(Continued on next page)

The chipmunk babies eat berries and seeds which their parents bring to them. ▼





▲ Raccoon babies look exactly like their mothers, black masks and all.

Of course you'd never guess, but under the wild flower carpet there are probably many nurseries. The entrances to the burrows are hidden well, but there are many animals who dig deep in the ground to make their nurseries. There are usually long tunnels ending in several rooms, one of which is lined with soft grasses and leaves to make a bed for the new babies.

Skunk

The home of our skunk friends is along the edge of the woods, or along a deep ravine, but deep in their hidden burrow there is a nursery. The number of babies the mother has depends on her age. There may be eight if she is old, or only three if she is young.

They are blind and helpless like the other woodland babies. Even from the first you can see their black and white markings through their thin skin. Soon there is a fine fur covering their bodies. Their eyes open when they are 3 weeks old, and they start to hear sounds when they are a month old. The mother skunk stands over them when they nurse.

First they begin to squirm about the nursery and then to walk around on their

wobbly legs, but it is nearly 2 months before mother skunk brings her babies from their underground home, at dusk, to search for food.

From the first, young skunks can use their "ammunition," but they give plenty of warning. They stamp their small feet and growl, then the tail lifts high—now there is little time left in which to run! Then, always keeping their eyes on the enemy, they twist into a U-shape and shoot a thick spray or stream into the eyes of the intruder. He will never forget he met a skunk. But you needn't be afraid when you meet a skunk, for he will not be looking for trouble and really wants to be friendly with you.

Red Fox

You may be able to discover the burrow of a red fox, for there are always several well-beaten paths leading to the entrances. As they need a burrow only during the spring and summer when they have the need for a nursery, they find a deserted home and change it to meet their needs. The rest of the year they live outside and sleep, curled up on the ground, with their lovely big tails spread over them like a blanket.

Down in the underground nursery five to nine babies are born, looking very much like small puppies. Their coats may be



▲ At dusk, Mother Skunk brings her babies from their underground home to search for food.



▲ Red fox babies like to play about in the sun by the entrance to their burrow.

different shades of red, but all red foxes have black legs that make them look as if they were wearing black stockings, and all have white-tipped tails.

The mother fox stays near to nurse them, and the father brings home food for her to eat.

From the time they are 5 weeks old, they play about in the sun by the entrance to their burrow. The parents watch all the time for enemies while the babies wrestle and roll over and over each other like all young puppies—and boys.

But their eyes and ears are very sharp. The bark of a dog in the distance sends them scampering for the safety of their home with their mother. Father fox stands ready to lead the enemy away from his family if it becomes necessary.

Cottontail Rabbit

There is one nursery you may easily stumble over, for it is on the ground—even in an open field. It is the nursery of the cottontail rabbit. The mother finds, or digs, a hole, lines it with dried grass and fur she plucks from her underside. There may be four or five babies in the cradle, each about 4 inches long and weighing about an

ounce. They are ugly at first, but they change quickly, and even by the second day they are covered with fuzzy coats.

At the end of a week they can see and hear, and their shriveled-up ears begin to stand up like their parents'. They have little cotton powder-puff tails which give them their name.

The mother does not stay with her babies during the day for fear she will call attention to them. She remains nearby in some bushes and keeps watch over them. When it is dark and safe for her to come to them, she nurses the hungry babies. Several times each night she visits them to nurse them.

Each time when she leaves she carefully covers them with a blanket she has made of her fur and dried grass, which keeps the babies warm when she is away. Then she covers the top with leaves so that an enemy cannot see where the nursery is hidden.

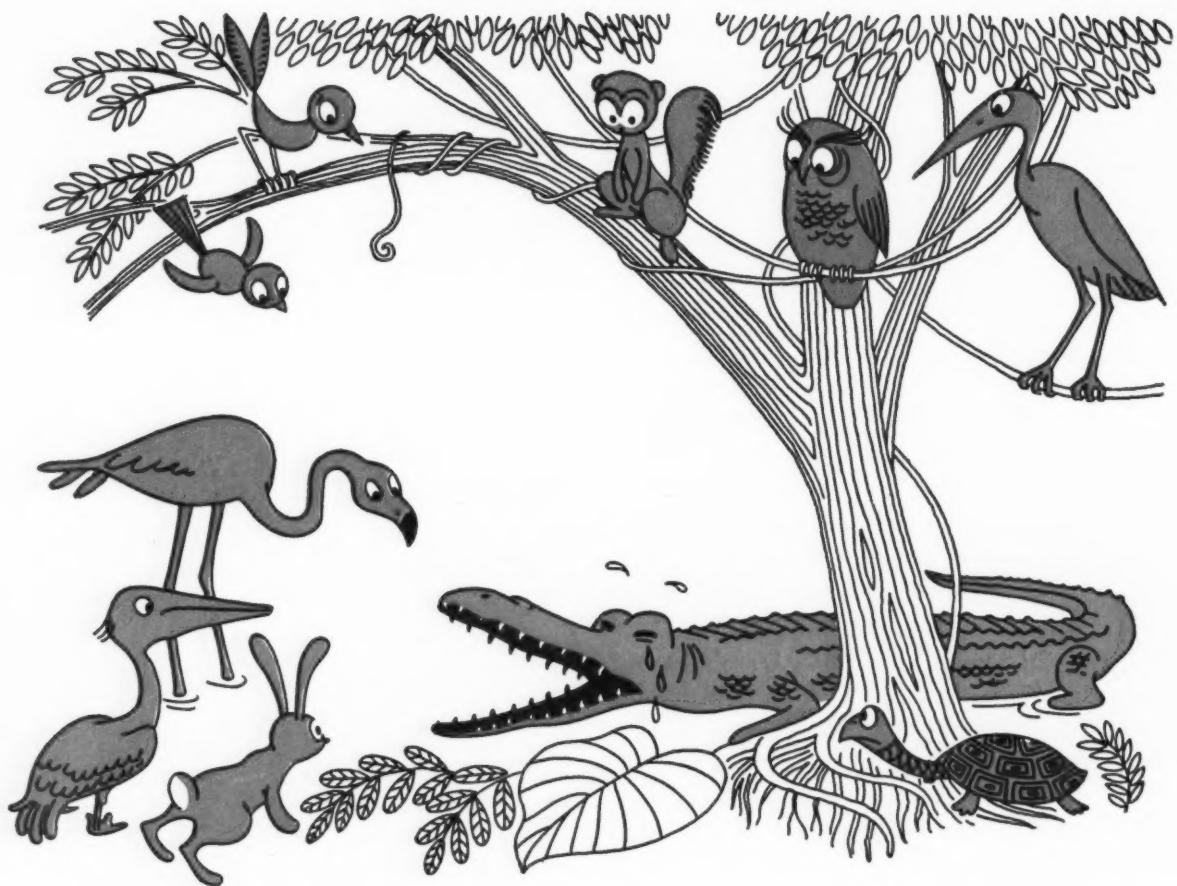
It is only after they are 12 days old that you may happen to see them outside their cradle in the sun, but even then they sit very quietly and just look and listen.

Forest babies are born in the spring so they can have the warm months of summer in which to grow strong and learn the lessons of the woodland. They help make our woods especially wonderful. Yes, spring is a time for birds' songs and flowers' perfume, but it is also a time for us to speak softly and walk quietly, for there are many babies asleep in their nurseries.

THE END.



▲ Mother Rabbit fixes a cradle for her babies and lines it with dried grass and fur.



THE BIG NOISE

Story by
LOUELLA K. BRAMMER

Illustrations by
HARRY GOFF

*When you howl and cry without reason or fears,
It's not crying at all, it's CROCODILE TEARS!*

STANLEY, the crocodile, had moved into the Florida swamp. He had an olive green tail 5 feet long. All the animals in the adjoining woods knew about Stanley because he cried so much. He didn't cry softly like the other well-mannered animals. No, he screamed and howled at the top of his voice. And the worst of it was, he didn't seem to know **WHAT** he was crying about.

Twitchett, the gray squirrel, scampered down to the edge of the swamp one fine morning and asked, "Why are you crying, Stanley?"

"I DON'T KNOW-W-W!" howled Stanley, opening his mouth so wide a bird flew in and out again.

Twitchett returned slowly to the pine tree. "I'm not very smart," he said to himself, "but when I cry, I at least know what I am crying about!"

The other animals made their way to the swamp to see what they could do for Stanley, but nothing came of it until Redfur, the fox, went to see him.

Redfur didn't ask Stanley what he was crying about. He just stood there rubbing

his paws together, looking at him. Finally he said, "We will call a meeting of all the animals and birds."

Stanley was so surprised he stopped crying and said meekly, "We will?"

"We will!" said Redfur, smiling slyly at him. "In the meantime, you just keep up your howling."

On the appointed day, Twitchett and the other animals and birds made their way to the meeting place. Everyone was there, even Stanley Crocodile himself.

Redfur stood up to speak. "Fellow friends," he shouted, "we are here today to talk about Stanley, who is very unhappy in the swamp."

"Excuse me, Redfur," said Mr. Owl. "We don't want any long-winded speeches. Stanley has cried ever since he came. We are here to do something about it. If you have any ideas, we'd like to hear them."

"Ahem!" said Redfur. "Of course, I have ideas. It's very simple. All you have to do is to give Stanley a share of what you have. I'm sure if you do he will stop his crying."

The animals and birds looked at one another. Mrs. Robin up in the tree beside Mr. Owl said, "The poor dear, just to think! I'll be glad to give him a part of all the worms I find."

"Thank you, Mrs. Robin," said Redfur, smiling slyly. "Stanley doesn't like worms but he thinks birds make a tasty dish."

"Oh, how could you!" cried Mrs. Robin, flying toward her nest to see if her little ones were safe.

"I know all of you want to help," continued Redfur. "I will leave it up to each of you to bring what you can. Stanley likes fish, eggs, birds, and the flesh of fat, juicy animals."

The animals nodded their heads and started home. Each one tried to think what he could bring as his share. Up in the tree Mr. Owl called after them, "Hoot— who-o, won't do-o. Hoot— who-o, won't do-o."

Every day the animals and birds brought

their share to the swamp. As each one arrived, he was greeted by Redfur.

"Just helping Stanley out," he'd explain. "You are all very kind and Stanley thanks you very much. Don't you, Stanley?"

"I guess so," Stanley would reply rudely, switching his green tail back and forth. But Stanley kept right on crying louder than ever.

"This will never do," said Mr. Owl. "We will have to call another meeting."

At the appointed hour, they all assembled again. Redfur got up to speak.

"Just a minute, Redfur," said Mr. Owl. "Your plan hasn't worked. We've all done our part, but Stanley cries louder than ever. We birds have a plan of our own."

Then, while the animals watched, the birds flew down one by one to the hollow tree stump. There they plucked from their breasts their softest down feathers which they had been saving to line their nest. The feathers floated into the basket made by the hollow tree stump.

When it was filled to overflowing, Mr. Owl said, "Now each of you may take enough feathers to make wads to stuff your ears. Tonight when Stanley cries you won't hear him."

As each animal walked past the tree stump, he scooped up his share of feathers and hurried home.

That night the animals looked very funny going to bed with feathers sticking out of their ears, but every one of them slept soundly.

That is, every one but Stanley. He cried louder than ever. He HOWLED. He S-C-R-E-A-M-E-D! But when he found no one was listening, he closed his mouth, switched his tail, and moved out of the swamp and no one ever saw him again!

Now, when some young animal or bird cries when there is nothing to cry about, his mother says to him softly,

*"When you howl and cry without reason or fears,
It's not crying at all, it's CROCODILE TEARS!"*



JRC NEWS NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR

With My Own Eyes . . .

"I SAW the happiness your gift boxes brought to the children of Italy," writes Miss Ruth Jennings, formerly JRC director of Berkeley, Calif., who is studying in Europe.

"I had the privilege of distributing AJRC gift boxes to 150 children in a Red Cross TB preventorium in a small town near Rome.

"Each child filed up for his box eagerly and, with

STAR—Duane Marshall, president, JRC chapter-wide elementary school council, was chief speaker at annual meeting of Baltimore, Md., chapter board of directors. ▼



a quick *Grazie*, hurried away to discover its contents. The girls were pleased in a quiet way, but spontaneous bedlam broke loose among the boys. They yelled with delight at each article they brought forth.

"Immediately yo-yos went into action. Pencils were sharpened with the small sharpeners; crayons started making pictures on the pads of paper. Another article which made a hit was a tiny compass.

"I looked at the names on most of the boxes and found them very well filled from Denver, Minneapolis, Dallas, Rochester (N. Y.), Washington, D. C., Altoona (Pa.), Joplin (Mo.), and Fairport (N. Y.)." ▼

SMILES—Japanese pupils receive gift boxes from ARC workers, a part of the 50,000 sent to Japan from AJRC last year. ▼



Friendly Magic

*A smile, a nod, a warm "Hello"
Can charm neighbors, where'er you go.
The mighty magic of this blend
May change a stranger to a friend.*

*So take these with you where you go,
The smile, the nod, the warm "Hello,"
And add kind words and helping hands
To show your neighbors you're a friend.*

—SEMA WILLIAMS HERMAN

At Easter—

VETERANS in hospitals at Easter time thank Junior Red Cross members for—

Gaily decorated eggs, discovered Easter morning around ward dayroom

Miniature gardens, planted in brightly enameled eggshells, on bedside tables

Centerpieces, designed around flocks of little bluebirds on sticks, decorating the tables for a "magic of Spring" party

Candy-filled cups made of eggshells, dyed a soft pastel both inside and out, edged in silver, and nestled in artificial grass glued to silvered milk bottle tops, on bed patients' trays

Huge, colorful umbrellas filled with flowers, and dripping with colored raindrops, in the hospital's recreation lounge.

ACCORDION—Fifth Graders, Dunson School, La Grange, Ga. (Troup County Chapter), complete an album for Japan. ♦

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, PAGE 26

| ACROSS | DOWN | |
|---------------|------------|------------|
| (1) Star | (17) Pet | (4) Rue |
| (5) Circus | (18) Leg | (6) Nab |
| (7) Tire | (21) Ma | (8) Cat |
| (9) Ad | (22) In | (10) Dates |
| (11) Co | | (12) Vases |
| (12) Va | (1) Sit | (14) Cot |
| (13) Backseat | (2) Tricks | (15) Ed |
| (16) Tosses | (3) Across | (19) Cage |
| | | (20) Ring |

Health Rules

IF YOU drink milk instead of tea,
You will be healthy, just try it and see!
If you go to bed early each night,
Your eyes will shine and your face will be bright!

If you brush your teeth each day,
You won't have any tooth decay!
If you take good care of your hair and skin,
In every beauty contest you're sure to win!

—LORRIN PHILIPSON
Murch School
Washington, D. C.

Safety Skit

OUR FOURTH GRADE at Victory School No. 238 (Baltimore, Md.) used the safety song, "Stop Look and Listen," which appeared on the back cover of the October AJRC NEWS to promote safety in our school. We worked up a skit, using simple properties and suitable actions based upon the words of the song.

—FRANCES GRAHE and ROSE MARIE CARRON





A Cover of the album from Baguio Central School

In the

**A beautiful correspondence album from
the Baguio Central School, Baguio
City, Philippines, was sent to Hawthorne**

Baguio City

ONE of the cleanest and most beautiful cities in the Philippines is Baguio, a popular resort and the summer capital of the islands. It is located on the island of Luzon, not far from Manila, in the Mountain Province of Benguet.

No one knows just how our city came to be named. Actually Baguio (pronounced bă'-gī-ō'), which sounds pleasant to American ears, is rather an unfortunate name. It means storm and hurricane to the Spaniards.

The Igorrotes, however, who were among the first peoples to live in the mountains

near Baguio, called their tiny settlement *Bagyiw*. This means the green moss that grew along the rim of the small marshland where their water buffalo or carabaos (că-ră-bă'-ō) wallowed. The half-century controversy over the name of this city still goes on.

Since Baguio is 5,000 feet above sea level, the city has a refreshing climate without bad storms, although there is always likelihood of a sudden mountain shower. The average temperature is 65 degrees Fahrenheit, while in Manila the temperature is about 20 degrees higher. The shade of the pines and the constant mountain breeze give Baguio a pleasant coolness.



PHILIPPINE EMBASSY

**Baguio Central School,
Baguio, Philippines.**

Philippines . . .

Avenue School, Newark, New Jersey.

**Some interesting stories from this
album are reprinted on these pages.**

Baguio is only 19 square miles in extent. It is thickly populated and usually has about 30,000 residents. During summer, however, when tourists from the hot cities come to the mountains to cool off, the population trebles.

Today Baguio is a self-governing city. It works like a corporation with the mayor as manager.

Junior Red Cross

Boys and girls in the schools of Baguio are active in Junior Red Cross. They take part in school correspondence and other programs. Last fall the Junior Red Cross started its year's work with a rally of members in all elementary schools of the city. They had music, first aid demonstrations, folk dancing, and presentation of hobbies developed during the summer.

The Igorrotes

As stated before, the Igorrote is the native of the Mountain Province. Igorrotes (ē-gor-rō'-tā) have copper-colored skin and high cheek bones and are of Malayan origin. They are hard-working people. They have several occupations and industries, such as weaving, carving, and farming in terraces.

One of the famous works of the Igorrotes is farming in terraces. The rice terraces are counted as one of the wonders of the



PHILIPPINE EMBASSY

Roofs of these native homes in the Philippines are thatched with grass.

world. A rice terrace is a field built on the slope of a mountain. The earth is held in place by walls of stone. They are built above one another, so they look like giant steps up the mountainside.

Rice terraces are only built on mountainsides where water can be brought through ditches. The system of irrigation is very clever, and the farmers do not waste a single drop of water.

In a few places on the hillside which are not too steep, the farmers grow camotes (ca-mō'-tāy) or sweet potatoes during the rainy season. They also grow camotes in some terraces after the rice has been harvested.

One of the chief industries of the moun-

tain people is weaving. While an Igorrote weaves, she is busy chattering with other women. Igorrotes weave not alone cloth for their own use, but also blankets, breech cloths of bark fiber, and some cloth made out of cotton. They do their weaving when they are not busy with their farms.

A Typical Day

Now the Igorrote stirs from sleep on the floor, rolls his blanket, and drops it in one corner. It is about 3:00 A.M. He goes to the fire which has been kept burning the whole night to keep him warm. He squats before it and makes coffee. When the coffee is done, he wakes his wife, who will do the cooking of the camotes while he goes out to the fields. Before daybreak he is back for breakfast. He then stays at home and minds the children while his wife goes to her camote patch to dig the tubers.

At nightfall the wife comes back, cooks the camotes, and the family squats down on the floor near the fire. After a few

Philippine Junior Red Cross

FILIPINO boys and girls are proud to be members of Junior Red Cross. Founded in 1917, the Philippine Junior Red Cross now has over three and a half million members in the 8,000 schools of the islands.

Some favorite JRC programs are community service, improvement of health, and building friendships with children in other lands through the art and correspondence programs. Filipino youth take part in home nursing, first aid, and water safety programs. They help in disaster areas and in hospitals. Tree planting and gardening are also popular.

exchanges of stories with the neighbors, the Igorrote wraps his blanket around him and, stretching on the floor, sleeps peacefully.

The Igorrote's life in the mountains is hard, but he is healthy. He lives in a hut with a grass-thatched roof. His house is unfurnished, but on the walls one may see hanging the dried heads of animals they have killed and the spears they use in hunting.

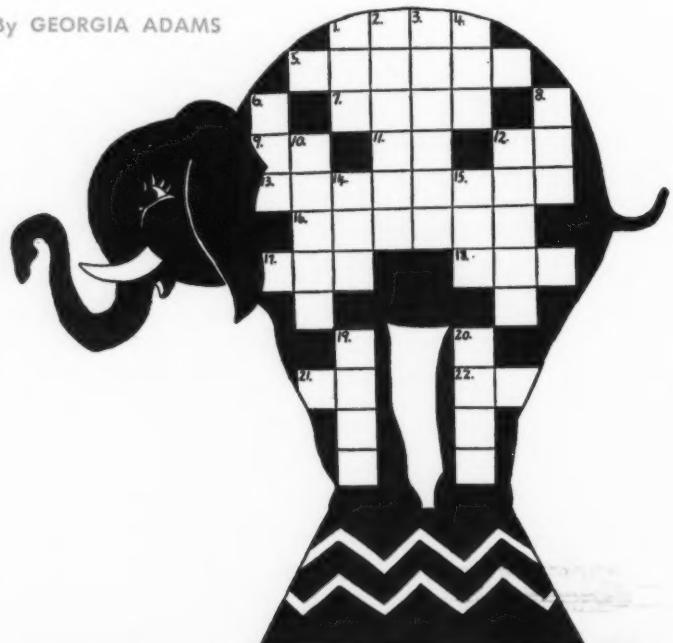
ELEPHANT PUZZLE

By GEORGIA ADAMS

A NEW KIND OF PUZZLE FOR YOU TO WORK

In the story on the facing page are words and pictures to help you fill in the blanks in the Elephant Puzzle. For instance, No. 1 across is a picture of a 4-letter word. No. 9 across (a word in large capitals) gives you a clue to a 2-letter word that means the same thing. Hint: some of the words are abbreviated.

(Answers on page 23)



STORY FOR THE ELEPHANT PUZZLE

ACROSS

JUMBO the elephant was the (1)  of the (5) . He had so much energy

that he never seemed to (7)  . The (9) ADVERTISEMENT about him had said that he was

good (11) COMPANY, and he certainly was. (12) VIRGINIA and Mother and I had arrived at the circus

early so that we wouldn't have to take a (13) PLACE BEHIND OTHER PEOPLE.

Virginia said, "Look at the way Jumbo (16) THROWS that stunt rider up in the air. Wouldn't he be a nice (17) ANIMAL TO KEEP AT HOME?"

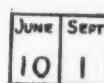
Just then Jumbo balanced himself cleverly on one (18)  . That was the end of his act. We wanted to leave, but (21) MOTHER stopped us. She said, "Stay (22) INSIDE the tent, children."

DOWN

Then Mother said, "Why are you in such a hurry to leave? There are more interesting acts. (1) TAKE A SEAT and watch the other (2) .

We looked (3) ON THE OTHER SIDE OF the tent into another ring. There was a laughing clown chasing a huge tawny lion. I said to Virginia, "That clown will (4) REGRET the day he tries to (6) CATCH

that (8) .

But the huge lion was led to another ring and did not hurt the clown. Then the clown ate some (10)  and juggled (12)  while lying on a (14)  . Next

we watched a seal, slippery as an (15)  go through his tricks.

Finally the circus was over. Each animal was led back to his own (19)  leaving each (20) empty until the next show.





JERRY the GIRAFFE

Words and Music by Kay Miller

JER-RY THE GI-RAFFE had a long neck and a short, short tail. With his nimble legs he could

scam-per 'cross the Jungle trail. He had many spots paint-ed yellow and his ears were

brown. Never did you see such a fel-low, He was may-or of his town! Then a mighty hunter came to

cap-ture him they say. He brought Jerry back with him, Can you guess where he is to-day? JERRY the GI-RAFFE is in

your town at the circus show, Why don't you go down to see Jerry? Step right up and say, "Hello."

Illustrated by Jo Fisher Irwin

